

Greece

Thursday, October 23, 2003

Cretan Quest

I want to come back from Crete with more than language control and some dances. . . although that would be good.

Better, best, would be to return with a new attitude.

This morning I read a quote by Patrick Leigh Fermor in Yvonne Hunt's excellent book Traditional Dance in Greek Culture: "Nowhere in Greece (more than Crete) is the quality of levanteia so clearly manifest. This attribute embraces a range of characteristics: youth, health, verve, high spirit, humour, quickness of mind and action, skill with weapons, the knack of pleasing girls, love for singing and drinking, generosity, capacity to improvise mantinades. . . and flying like a bird in quick and violent dances. Levanteia often includes virtuosity on the lyra: it is the universal zest for life, the love of living dangerously and a readiness for anything."

At this moment in my life I am looking to rekindle the love of living dangerously. Obviously, it includes a readiness for anything.

Artist/Entrepreneur

I had the answer in Iceland. But in September and October I lost my direction. Those two months, and even over the whole year, the stock market filled my emptiness; it gave me hope.

But I lost that illusion during the down market. I now question not only my abilities in the market, but also whether my efforts in it are wasted.

Has my stock market interest gone as far as it can go? Perhaps it has filled its purpose; it may be time to incorporate it into my being and move on.

Move on to what? In what will I make money?

My business?

Tours and bookings?

Can they replace the lost hope and excitement of the stock market? Can they fill my financial and mental emptiness with growth and expansion? And what about my miracle schedule? Can I find new growth, excitement, and expansion in it?

The stock market excitement was a growth and expansion area. It concerns money.

Would this mean giving up the stock market? Or at least my hopes and efforts in it?

Is all the mental and physical time I put into studying it even good for me? So far I have been quite totally unsuccessful in it. Does this mean I have no talent or "feel" for the market? I hate to accept defeat. But would it be wise to do so? Would it be time saving. . . and even fun?

Is accepting the idea that I have no talent or feel for the market a defeat or a victory? Is such acceptance a form of self-mastery, an experiment that helped show me where my true direction and talents lie? Was it an experimental trip down a blind alley? Did I go down blind stock market alley in order to reveal my true path? The path of the artist/entrepreneur.

Just as Iceland revealed a path perhaps the purpose of September/October was to annihilate the blockage, the "distraction" of the stock market: traveling down the blind alley to reveal clearly that it is not a good or right path for me.

Fun and God

The idea of getting more people for my tours because it is fun leading more people is a new way of looking at tourism.

In the past, I wanted more people on my tours because I would make more

money. This is still true. Making more money is always fun.

But sheer number, leading more people, as a good-in-itself, as fun also brings a higher energy level.

God believes in fun. It's the wonder part of awe-and-wonder. One worships Him b'simcha, with joy.

Worship God with joy.

Fun is really joy with a different spelling.

Plus it will be fun making more money, too.

Fun in tourism, the joy of gathering and leading larger groups. More sparks, a greater fire, more energy packettes.

But first I must imagine it.

Aching to Grow

Am I aching to grow? I wonder if that is why I am so tired.

Building a new body in which I can comfortably fit.

First comes the breakdown of the old body along with its old ideas and attitudes. The pain of destruction, the aching knees, etc. Then comes the rebuilding. Thus do I ache to build a new container for my new ideas, to grow a new body to fit my new mind.

God and Business (continued)

Business is Fun!

If business. . . Business, in the personalized form of JGI, subsumes the miracle schedule, then doing business fills in all the empty spaces, connects all the dots.

Business with its the God attachment, Business with its big "B," completes my world.

Most amazing.

And I came to this amazing realization in Greece, home of our civilization,

Western values, and culture.

The All-Is-One completes when the dark and dirty worlds of capitalism and business, accompanied and guided by their artistic angel and entrepreneurial shepherd, rush into the light.

Added to this is the holy idea and attitude that Business is Fun!

Why holy? The bible (psalms of David, I believe) says we should worship God with joy, b'simcha. Fun is joy differently spelled.

Would this mean that when you have fun you are worshipping God? Probably.

But what about sadistic killers? They're having fun, too. Well, this is obviously a complicated question.

But since I am not a sadistic killer, we can move beyond this question for now.

For me, fun is deeply related to joy. Fun is joy "lite." Also, remembering that we are imperfect and thus worship imperfectly, I can even say that fun and joy are the same! Imperfectly the same. (This may "take care of" the sadistic killer question.)

In any case, much and most of the above is prattle. The bottom line is that I am onto a deep personal truth. My personal skills and talents: leadership, diplomacy, handling and dealing with others, easy manner, organizational abilities, drive to get it right, love of mitzvahs, etc. – all come together in the world of Business.

Tuesday, October 28, 2003

"Nothing Better To Do" . . . Shaking Hands with God

Woke up with a headache this morning. Has to do with Kjell's comment on "no activity" yesterday on Santorini.

But as I think over, what else would I do? I have "nothing better to do" than go on this morning's bus tour.

Nothing better to do! Imagine that. No writing, running, reading, studying. . . . I have nothing better to do than be with my guests, my customers, my clients.

I'm not even practicing my Greek. Most, if not all, of my mind, is on running this tour as well as I can, focusing on the needs and happiness, nay satisfaction, of my customers. All other areas have been cleared.

Is this an advance in my attitude and thinking?

Probably.

What else could it be?

Wouldn't I like to have and find a "higher" interest? But perhaps focusing on my customers, putting myself in the service of others, is a higher interest. It might even be the highest interest. And, as such, be part of the fun, the joy, the worship of God.

Serve God with joy.

Truly, it is mucho fun focusing on the attempt to satisfy the needs of others. Helping them is a mitzvah that brings me joy.

So what does "nothing better to do" mean? Perhaps, deep within the psychic nothingness, the Buddhist void, stands the Lord Himself.

This turns "nothing" into everything. Into Everything.

I serve myself best when I serve others.

Or, by serving others, I best serve myself. How? By surmounting my ego, bypassing the little self and moving straight into the customer-focus land of Big Self, Universal Me.

Thus, perhaps rather than lost, I am found! This new "found" feeling takes some getting used to.

Perhaps this morning's headache comes not from anger or annoyance (at Kjell's comments) but rather from a suppression of joy!

This makes sense. This has been an excellent and glorious tour. I have run it beautifully. With all my skills and instincts working full time, I moved straight on and straight ahead. Going to the Plaka with my group and staying with them despite my fatigue was a gu level and instinctual Yes! I did the right thing. . . again!

By going on this morning's city tour, accompanying and escorting my clients, being "at their side," I again did the right thing.

Yes, doing that brings me joy! In this worshiping process, I shake hands with God.

Indeed, it is a joy headache.

Get used to the feeling.

Denying joy – my own joy – is a denial of the higher forces.

Face the light: Learn to love it!

Sacrifice your ego on the altar of others.

Why do I say "sacrifice?" Because it hurts to give up my ego.

What are the rewards for this pain?

Joy through self-transcendence.

Is that what business is all about? Yes.

Is this true for marriage as well? Yes.

Taking care of others, trying to figure out how to make their tour better, can be put on the level of fun!

It's fun to care for others.

Impatience has long been a problem. I want it now!

What would life be like if I gave up impatience and took the long term view? Months, years, even centuries. What would such a long term view do to my perspective and actions?

The opposite of impatience is not patience. Patience implies waiting for something to happen, for some future result.

Thus the opposite of impatience is taking the long term view. . . really long term.

Advantages of Thumb Focus: A Powerful Technical Truth!

Guitar arpeggios and tremolo: Focusing on the thumb, the bass, helps – and makes – the other fingers relax.

In fact, one way (the way) of making them relax is by focusing on the thumb.

What a powerful technical truth!

Ahead is Behind and All Around

What do people my age do? Give up everything (mentally)? Maybe.

Where does the post-transformational self go?

The next “challenge” is to wander unattached and “aimless.” The fourth stage is “without challenge.” Comfortable and wandering in the emptiness, drifting through myriad forms, attached to none and bathed by all.

The challengeless challenge.

I am the spark. Why try to sparkle with I am already sparkling.

Nothing creates the spark for one who lives in it.

There is no place to go. I am there; I am here. First, recognize it; then get used to it. Finally, there is the “Now what?” Its answer is: “Nothing.” Nothingness and the grand Empty.

Ever-Dissatisfied: Today's Right Thumb Connection

I will forever look for the golden light, the paradise spot at the end of the rainbow. It is part of my nature.

Today is right thumb, third string, wrist-relaxation spot day. Touch-this-spot. Today it is the key to all my (guitar) troubles, heart aches, Alhambra, arpeggio, searching and lost years. Today is the (possible and potential) answer to all my problems and questions. But no doubt tomorrow will bring a new spot, another

possible and potential direction to paradise.

I am destined to be ever dissatisfied. I will ever search out the golden land. That is my nature.

What can or should I do about it? Probably nothing. Just focus on today's paradise spot.

It may work. . . for awhile.

That is why I ever create new problems, new searches, new challenges: to keep me dissatisfied.

Presently, other potential paradise spots are: more money, learning to make CD's, organizing all my folk dances and international folk song, and getting the Florida Folk Dance Camp "right."

Thursday, November 13, 2003

Bass, Bass, Bass: Living the Bass

Bass, bass, bass:

Living the bass.

I have arrived at the Alhambra. Flowing, flowing.

I feel like dying.

Isn't this the trauma of arrival?

The older practice was "measured." I stopped at the doorway. Now the trap door has opened. I am falling through.

Bass, bass, bass. There is no choice but to live it.

If there is nothing new under the sun, how do I get my awe and wonder, union with God experience?

How can I find amazement, thrills, and miracles, if they are "nothing new?"

How do I see things afresh, if they have all happened before?

Maybe, rather than “there is nothing new under the sun”, it ought to be: “Everything, every day is new under the sun.” That it seems to have happened before is an illusion.

Is such vision a philosophical choice or a basic reality? And then, what is the difference between these two?

I personally, would much rather see every day as new, fresh, different, and amazing. This kind of vision brings sparks, fire, and life to each moment.

Rest Stroke and Free Stroke

Guitar: Should I drop, give up, most of the rest stroke? In scales, etc.? What a question.

True, the rest stroke “binds” me to the adjacent string. Is it a form of slavery? Doesn’t one need some form of slavery or “support” in this guitar-playing life? Probably. But it may be a question of degree. Perhaps I don’t need as much rest stroke as before.

A (the) difference now is I have discovered that fast is easier than slow. Does this, will this, effect my view and application of the rest and free strokes? Good questions.

The “answer” to rest or free stroke is: some. The more tools the carpenter has, the better. The appropriate use of rest or free stroke, depending on where. Mix it up is, no doubt, best. It depends, depending, use both.

Maybe life is about more than money and business. Maybe my folk dance teaching is about more than that. But if it is, can I afford to spend so much time and effort following and supporting such a life?

If my answer to the above questions is yes, then I'll have to accept a life of poverty. A subsistence life. I'll never be rich; I'll never complete my dream of making mucho money (in the stock market, on tours, or whatever.)

True, I believe in my ability to get along, to survive. But to take the economic anxiety out of life, I've always hoped for wealth. Somehow someone or something will come along, support my artistic and love habits, the desire to continue doing what I love, and, in their kind manner, throw money at me "for free."

But it has not happened.

If I accept the above life, I must accept that it probably, definitely, will not happen. Well, it could happen. . . but only through some kind of miracle. But one cannot "expect" miracles. The Lord will do what He wants; I have no power over Him. As for little ego, personal me, I'll simply have to accept "my place."

What is my place? Is it really the life of a poor artist? One who can survive and get along, but will always remain poor?

Is this my place?

Perhaps it would be better for me to accept poverty. (This means financial mental poverty and the anxiety it always brings.)

Poverty may not be so bad. Some even think it is a laudable, desired state, especially for religious people or ascetics.

Maybe my calling is one of artistic riches but financial poverty.

Maybe instead of wealth I should think poverty. (I've certainly succeeded in it so far.)

If I think poverty, then certainly teaching folk dancing for almost no money is right in line. So are most of my other artistic endeavors. This way of thinking might even cause me to give up the miseries of the stock market.

Perhaps my new goal should be to accept and try to live in poverty. This way of thinking might even give me more peace of mind.

Monday, November 17, 2003

Moving Forward by Going Backward

Revealing and Remembering my Miracle Foundations

I am waking up with strange, old-time, cosmic depressions. This has not happened for months, years. It has not happened since I discovered and followed my miracle schedule.

But for the past few weeks, I have not followed it; I have been abandoning it in favor of much and many “detail” work projects: Preparing for Florida Folk Dance Camp is the main one – and this entails, of course, learning several new music recording and CD creating computer programs. Added to this, on the side, is my new Address Organization, Quark, Dreamweaver and Photoshop (in the distance) programs.

But mainly, it is the Music Match (and Pyro Cakewalk) CD creating programs that consume me.

This along with reorganizing all of my folk dance tapes, CDs, and records, and all of my international songs.

Thus there is a tremendous reorganization going on coupled with a tremendous computer learning process. I have been feeling overwhelmed by it all and have “given up” my daily writing. Thus, depression.

What to do?

Obviously, the best thing is to return to morning writing, as I am doing now. Even as I touch my morning fingers to the keyboard, I start to feel better; as the words pour out, the fog and veil slowly lift. It always feels like a miracle. And it is!

No question I need morning miracles to light my day. . . and my life. Submerging their light, fire, and spark beneath the burden of future progress only serves to shove me in a hole, smother my jumping joy, snuff out the light, remove me from God’s graces. Yet when this happens, as it has been happening during the past

two weeks, what can one do? Probably follow its misery until the bugger has run its course.

Well, the course is almost run. It is a new week. We'll see where all this leads.

No question, I must return to my miracle schedule. It has always worked in the past; it is working now; and, I'm sure, it will work in the future. It has always been my path to growth, satisfaction, inner revelation, and self-understanding. There is no reason why this should be any different today.

Indeed, I am moving forward by going backward.

Fear of Death

Whenever fear of death comes along, with its concomitant meaninglessness of life and purposelessness of striving for the more, think of reincarnation, and the eternal union and unity of God's Spirit.

Does reincarnation exist? Does it really take place? I cannot prove it. And I must admit, I really do not know. But I do know that the beautiful concept and stellar idea of reincarnation give purpose, meaning, and unity to my life. Thus I know I need it.

Does needing it make it true? Probably.

Thursday, November 20, 2003

On Long Term Goals, Patience, and Disappointment.

Long term goals take patience. Having a long term goal also helps one avoid disappointment.

Long term goals that last a life time help avoid mucho disappointment. Having them certainly helps foster perspective and develop patience.

Do I have any long term goals? In the stock market? In other areas? Indeed, I could probably use some.

If, upon reflection I discover that I have them, then what are they?

Good questions to ponder today.

I am still stunned, shocked, vibrating, and whip-sawed by my entrance into my (the) post-transitional period. Thus it is hard to say where I am going, and even what my short or long term goals are. But I am at the doorway of a new beginning; I am getting ready to ask the question.

Who Am I?

Who am I?

As a start, I am a man who can play the Alhambra.

Why did Bellow's teaching traumatize me for almost forty years?

Did I want and "need" such a trauma? Did I take it, accept it, because it fit my psyche? Did I have a basic psychological craving to hold myself down, to keep myself in place? Probably.

And am I dropping it because I no longer need it? Probably.

Did I need to hold myself down, keep myself back, prevent myself from flying, soaring, fast and furious on the guitar? Yes. Has this psychology also been manifest in my handling of money? No question most of my handling, dealings, and fears with money has held me back.

But now, as a post-transitional soul, I am free.

Shouldn't this new, post-transitional, inner freedom affect my guitar playing. . . and my money?

Bills as Payments. . . to Myself!

Hiring Myra, and paying her \$200 a month (to sell and promote tours, etc.), is really a form of paying myself to think harder.

I wonder if paying bills, any kind of bill, is really a form of paying myself.

Paying electricity, heat, etc. bills is (as) a form of paying myself for the ability to work in light, with heat, etc.

What an excellent way of seeing bills. . . as forms of payment to myself!

Paying others is a form of paying yourself!

And, of course, if myself is the world in its form of All-Is-One, then this kind of thinking is absolutely right!

Why do I pay others? What do these “payments to myself” really mean?

They are bills for the college of life. They pay for learning, personal growth, and expansion.

This kind of philosophy certainly cuts down on bill resentment. It might even help me appreciate what I’m paying for. Someday I might even learn to “enjoy” paying my bills!

What a victory that would be!

Guitar: Should I start the life and death extreme focus with the very first warm-up, the very first legato? No warm up, or rather, in the warm up itself. In other words, right away.

Well, why not?

A new and immediate approach to guitar. . . and everything else.

In a sense, this means “no warm up.”

Body and mind are inseparable.

The life and death extreme focus thought is the warm up.

Clamping Down on Joy
Does Cramp Equal Clamp?

Does a leg cramp, gastrocnemius cramp, other kind of cramp symbolize a clamping down on joy, a physical holding back of a mental process, a clamping down on the happy endorphins that flow through the body?

Twenty-Six Years: What a Blow to my Ego!

I have been just plain wrong about the bass. The melody, focus, and concentration is in the bass. Period. The trebles are decoration, tickling background, and rambling background poppycock.

What a blow to my ego! Twenty-six years of approaching and playing it wrong.

Twenty-six years to grind down my ego.

But at least I'm on the right bass track now.

Ego crumbles before the bass juggernaut.

What steps in to take the place of ego? Extreme focus!

Saturday, November 29, 2003

Thinking Long Range

It's taken twenty-five years to "solve" my Alhambra and arpeggio problem.

I've been working on my financial problems for over thirty-five years and I still haven't solved them.

I've been in the stock market (mostly with Joel) for a little over twenty years and that turned out to be a disaster.

I've been learning how to trade stocks for a year. I'm still a beginner there, but so far at least, short-term, that has led to more losses. (However, although I am now thinking of more long term trading, the jury is still out on this one.)

I've been trying to make money in my tour business for twenty years, and,

although I've had a few good years, and many hopes, over all it too has, at least financially, led nowhere.

How long does it take to succeed in something? Of the above, the only success I can only point to is in my guitar playing. And that has taken over twenty-five years.

Perhaps "some day" I will succeed in the tour business and stock market. But will I have to wait many more years? Will whatever success I find be achieved after death? How long must I wait? Will it ever happen, even posthumously?

All the above points to the importance of patience. Plus mucho work. Working with patience. Thinking long range. Achieving perspective.

Although so many times I stand at the border of giving up, I never do. Giving up means defeat. To me, giving up something I love is a form of death. When I keep fighting, and never give up, even though I may lose, viscerally, I still consider this as a form of victory.

Combining maximum creative effort with patience could eventually lead to victory. Although at times things seem hopeless, in reality, hope is never dead.

Perhaps some day I will be successful in all of the above endeavors. Only it may take longer, much longer, than I think.

Sea of Doing

Miracle Schedule: From Pentatonic to Hexatonic

I am losing my way in a Sea of Doing. And I'm waking up depressed.

I'm not used to being depressed, to having the depressed feeling. And I know it is because I've drifted away from writing. I've drifted away because I'm getting lost in a sea of doing.

Doing what?

Well, mostly recording, computing, opening up and learning many new fields.

Not only have I, in the process, drifted away from writing, but I've left much of my miracle schedule behind as well. All this is a perfect recipe for depression.

How to undepress myself? Simple: Get back to writing and the miracle schedule.

But I'm doing so many things. How will I have time. . .and focus? Well, in order not to get depressed, and, in the process, keep my up juices flowing, I somehow I have to figure out a way to synthesize my old miracle schedule activities with my new computer/recording/etc. ones. And to these I must add tour and booking sales. And maybe a touch of violin.

How do I do all this?

I need to organize and reorganize my days and my life. I cannot give up any other these important and vitalizing activities. There has to be a place for all of them. This means organizing a time and place for each one.

Wednesday, December 3, 2003

Looking for New Directions: Consolidating Gains

I'm sick of being afraid, of ever living under the cloud of financial terror.

But just because I'm sick of it, does that mean I can give it up? I'd certainly like to.

Can I accept the "fact" that I'll never solve or resolve my financial problems? That, if by some miracle, I ever do, I'll find other problems to worry about.

Stand Naked Before the Passion!

"Consolidation" is such a boring word. Isn't there more going on?

First, I must reclaim my guitar body and my wrenched back. There must be a cosmic reason for these pains. Why was I whacked on the head. . . or, in this case, my back and twisted left shoulder? I was so high on Sunday after my run. Physically, I hadn't felt so good in weeks.

Is that why I was whacked? What about my left shoulder pain? Is it “payment” for guitar success?

I even achieved computer success.

Are these successes killing my body and poisoning my mind as well?

Is it the success-whackdown pattern?

Could my left shoulder be a new, different reaction to my Alhambra and Leyenda success? After all, I’ve never had this guitar success before. . . and I never had such a left shoulder pain.

Since the mind creates all pain, isn’t my mind creating this one?

I’ll start this analysis with guitar. What a strange, interesting idea: that I am creating pain in my left shoulder to prevent me from playing the guitar and thus avoid the burning trauma of falling into the fires of success.

The passion in success is just too hot. Parts of my mind can’t stand it. Therefore, it pulls back. Of course, it does so indirectly and irrationally, by placing its pain in my body, specifically in my left shoulder.

These days it is difficult for my mind to place fears in my back and knees. I’m more aware of these buggers; I’m onto their tricks. But the left shoulder is a “new area.” It is mostly unexplored by my wandering mind. Left shoulder could well be a fresh field in which to plant Alhambra and Leyenda success fears.

Am I really doing this to myself? Am I really creating such pains in order to avoid the trauma of successful Alhambra and Leyenda guitar playing? These thoughts on pain are so unbelievable in concept. . . . But they could be right!

On top of this is the idea of computer success. David said I have an aptitude for computer. Me? Have an aptitude for computers? This is an entirely new self concept.

But I must admit that after a year of torturous computer study of Dreamweaver, Adobe Photoshop, Quark, Address Organizer, and Music Match I am finally I am able to understand.

Finally, I can see some light at the end of the computer tunnel. . . .Whack!

Finally, I understand the bass line and can play Alhambra and Leyenda. . . .Pow!

Success upon success. . . .Result: my body is now bunched up in a great aching, hurting, arthritic protective ball, a defensive fire wall; a great paddle of self-whacking descends upon me.

What is the cure?

If I let the fire of passion through these self-created arthritic walls, won't they burn away my pain?

Again I ask: Am I really crippling myself with arthritic pains in order to avoid the trauma of success? It seems so amazing that my mind can and would do this to me. And yet, I sense it would. Indeed, it is! It works in memory of the old neighborhood; it is employed by the Old Neighborhood Protection Service.

Thursday, December 4, 2003

Screaming Guitar!

I hate the pain in my left shoulder. But it does bring out a whole new level of playing. Leyenda with a pain passion. Angry bees buzzing in my shoulder. Faster, and mad, mad! A storm of Leyenda fire released in and through my shoulder.

Could I be onto something here? Is the "purpose" of this shoulder pain to release a flood of "get-it-over-with" passion into my Leyenda. . . and all my other guitar pieces?

I'd like to think my shoulder pain (and all my suffering, for that matter) has a purpose. But just because I would like it to have a purpose, does it really? Or is my desire coloring "reality?"

Well, my "spiritual intuition" tells me that because I want something to have a purpose, then it does! I, working together with the cosmos, create the purpose.

Therefore, my shoulder pain does have a purpose. That purpose is to release a

flood of screaming passion into my guitar playing! And not only Leyenda, but all my pieces. After all, my shoulder hurts for all my pieces when I play guitar. Therefore, a flood of passion should be, will be, released in all my pieces.

This is the purpose of my shoulder pain. Now I scream when I play guitar. And my goal would be to release screams of passion through the guitar!

Suppose this pain in my shoulder is due to a muscle spasm. And, like a back spasm, even though it causes excruciating pain, actually does not physically damage to the body.

Can my shoulder pain be “thought through,” or viewed similar to a back pain? See is through psychological causes. Plus, look at it, view it, but do so as you “pay no attention to it.” View it as a passing muscle spasm storm that may hurt like hell but can and will do no real damage.

Ever since I got married I wanted to “prove I was a man.” How? What do “real men do?” They support a family. How? By making money.

That’s what I saw. And that’s what I did. For ten years I worked to make money. And I succeeded. I supported the family, got manly and made money.

Then a historic shift took place. Two huge life-changing forces rolled in around age forty. First, I wanted to get good at the guitar. . . I wanted freedom and self-realization as an artist. Second, I wanted to be rid of financial fears. . .so that I could accomplish the former, number one, my main goal. My vehicle for the latter was the study of money. . . and the stock market.

Over a period of twenty-five years I accomplished the former. And, over the same period, I utterly failed at the latter.

That is my last twenty-five years story: one success, one failure.

Well, now what?

It seems I am at the post-transitional cataclysmic point of giving up the market. . .

and putting my energies into selling my art. . . in all its forms.

Can I pay off my debts and make money in this way? I don't know. But it may be (is) my best shot. Besides, it may be what God wanted me to do on earth.

Money, Art, Play and Transcendence

Could it also be that, deep down, I really don't take money "seriously"? Art is serious, money isn't.

Sure, handling, and dealing with, money creates fear and greed. But life is more than fear and greed. It is play and transcendence. That's what is really important. And art has and is about play and transcendence.

I tried to make my pursuit of money similar to my pursuit of art: I tried using it as an instrument of play and transcendence. It didn't work.

I should stay out of money; I should stick to transcendence.

Can I make money with transcendence? Maybe.

But play and transcendence must, will, and do always come first. That (sadly, for dealing with money) is my nature.

So ends a New Leaf.